MUSIC

FROM THE

BOHEMIAN GIRL.

PART II.

CONSISTING OF

Pity for one in Childhood Torn,
See at your Feet a Snppliant,
The First Fond Lines,

A Soldier's Life,
The Wound upon thy Arm,
Ne'er let the Heart for Sorrow Grieve,

The Celebrated Chorus of Gypsies.

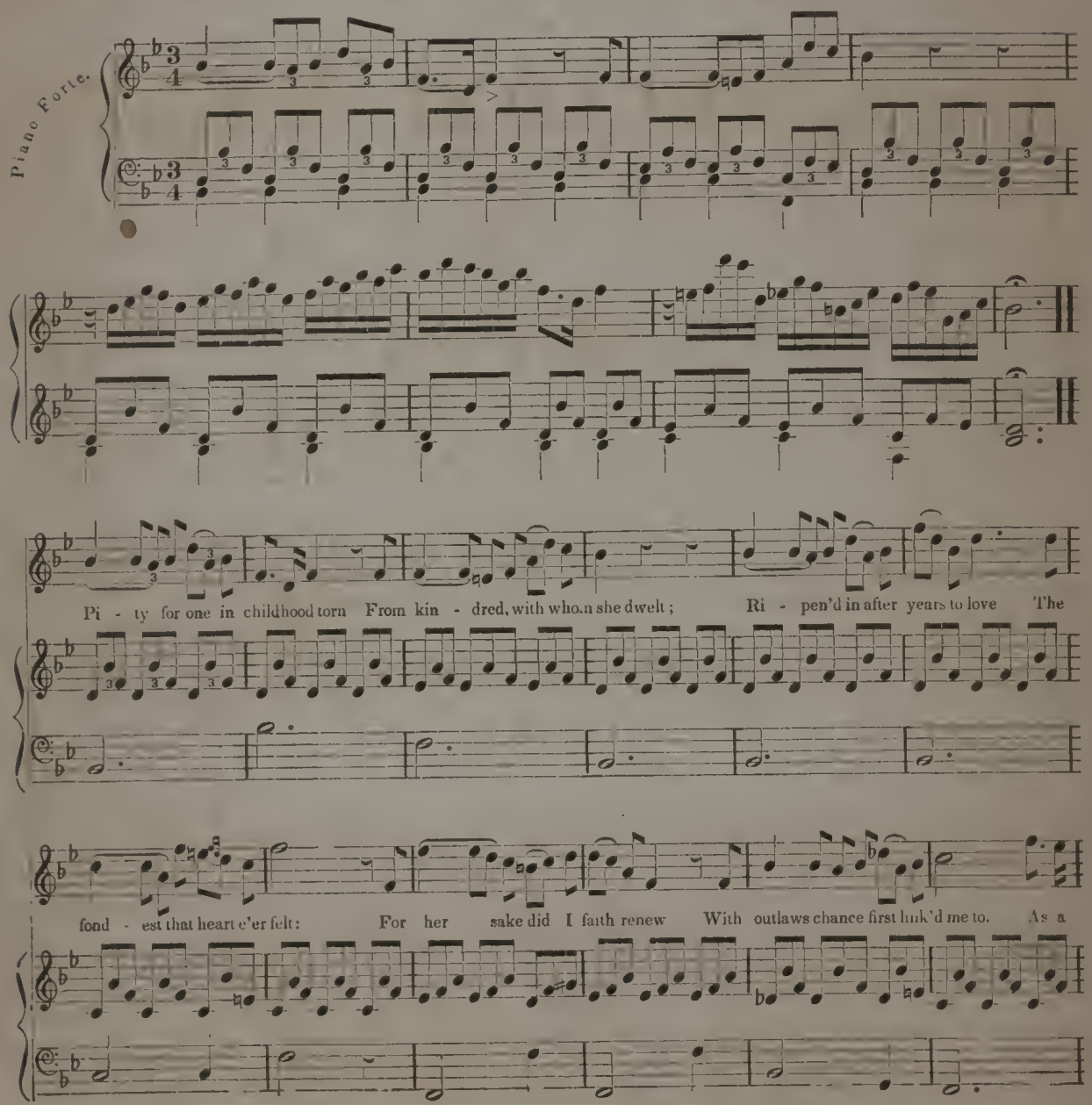
E. FERRETT & CO.
8 SOUTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
BROADWAY NEW YORK
1847.

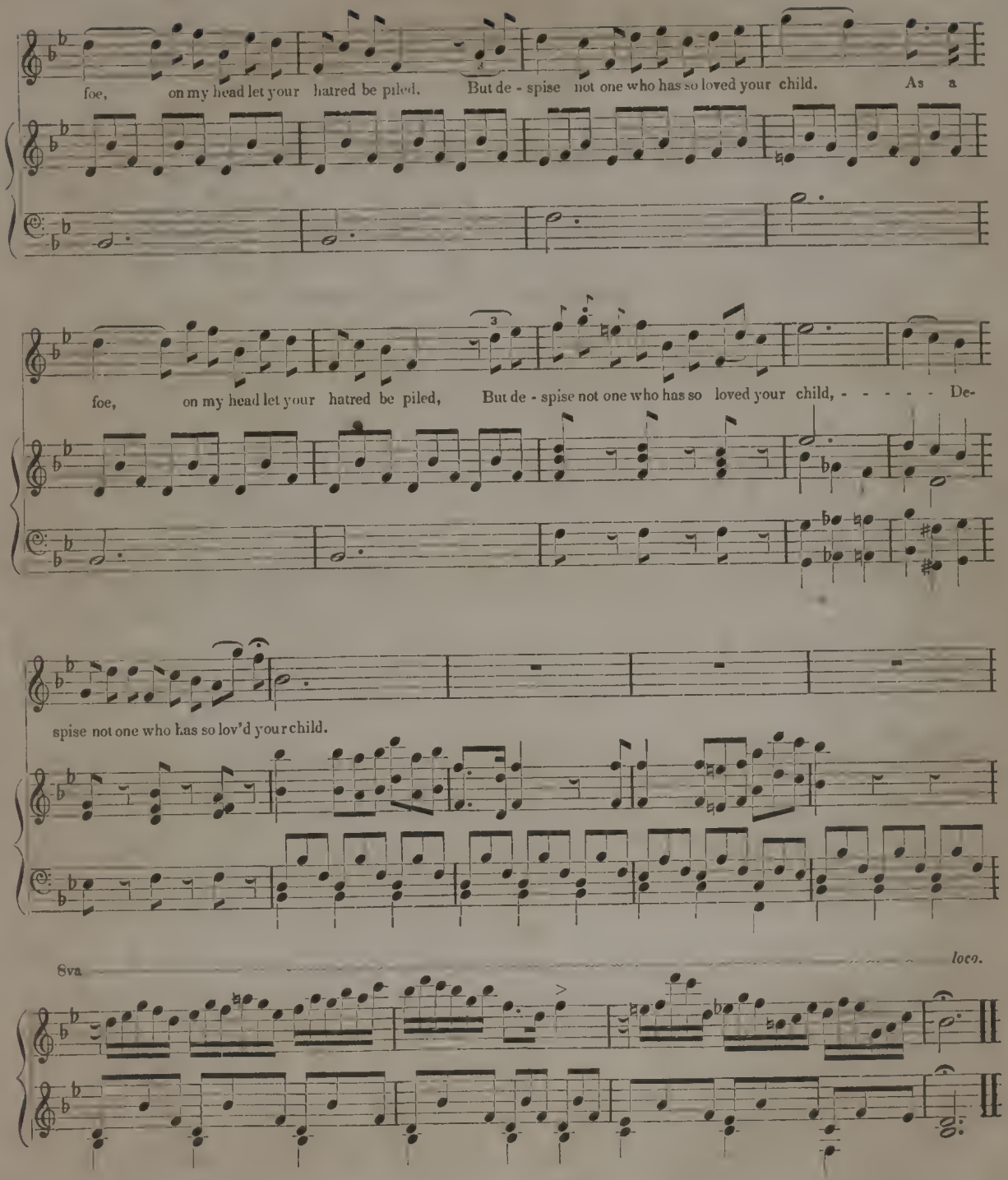
PITY FOR ONE IN CHILDHOOD TORN.

IN THE

OPERA OF THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY M. W. BALFE.


Piano Forte.
Pi - ty for one in childhood torn From kin - dred, with whom she dwelt; Ri - pen'd in after years to love The
fond - est that heart e'er felt: For her sake did I faith renew With outlaws chance first link'd me to. As a


foe, on my head let your hatred be piled. But de - spise not one who has so loved your child. As a
foe, on my head let your hatred be piled, But de - spise not one who has so loved your child, - - - - - De-
spise not one who has so lov'd your child.
8va
loco.

Drive me not back to the life I've led,
That life would be lonely now,
Since she who cheer'd its path before,
Is torn from her sacred vow.

Oh! force me not faith to renew
With outlaws chance first link'd me to.
As a foe, on my head let your hatred be pil'd,
But despise not one who has so lov'd your child.

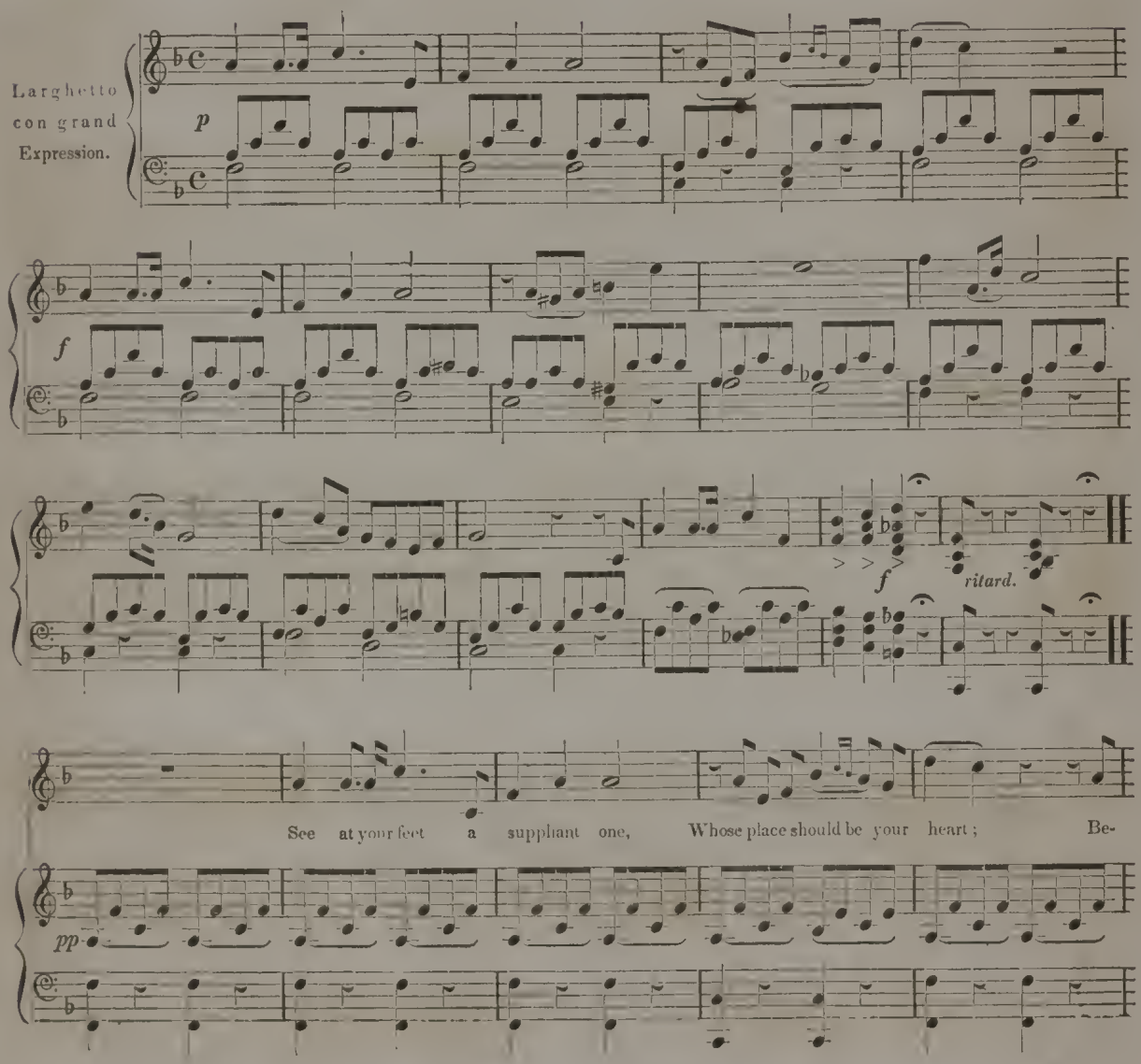
SEE AT YOUR FEET A SUPPLIANT.

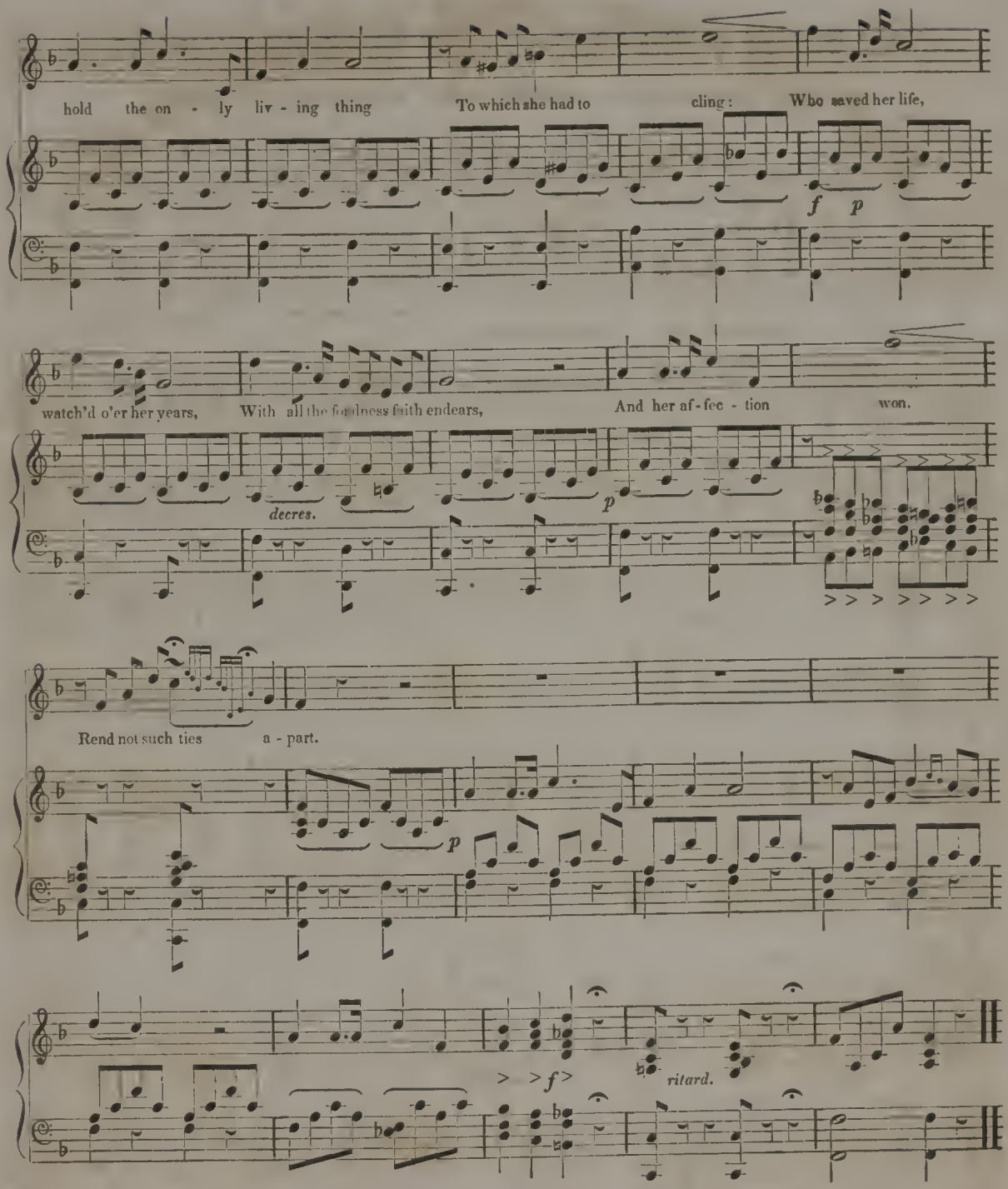
AS SUNG BY

MRS. SEGUIN,

IN THE OPERA OF THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

COMPOSED BY BALFE.




hold the on - ly liv - ing thing
To which she had to cling:
Who saved her life,
f p
watch'd o'er her years,
With all the fondness faith endears,
And her af - fec - tion won.
decres.
p
Rend not such ties a - part.
p
> > f >
ritard.

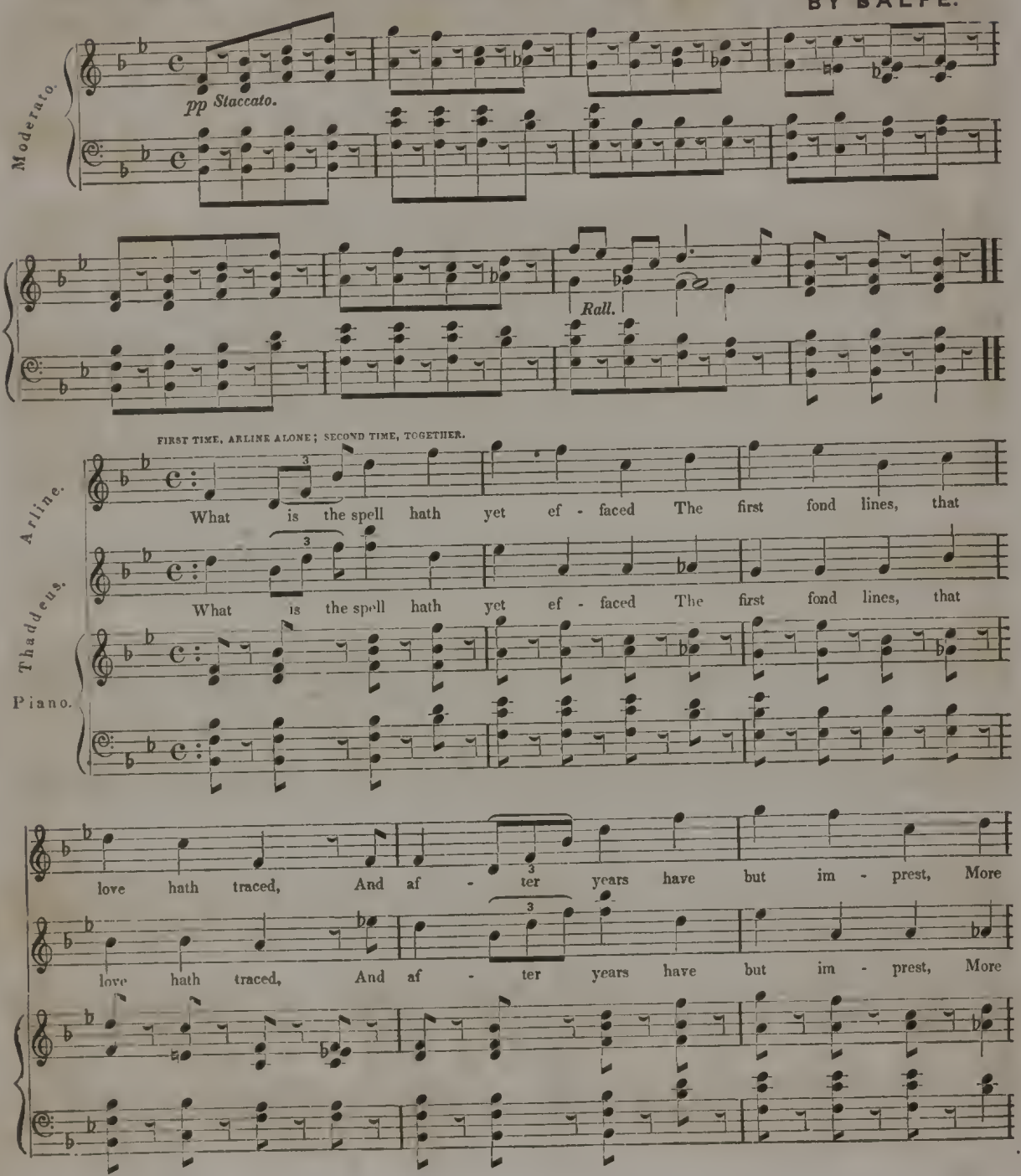
Oh spurn him not, my only friend
Through good and ill he's been;
And was the only living thing
To which I had to cling.

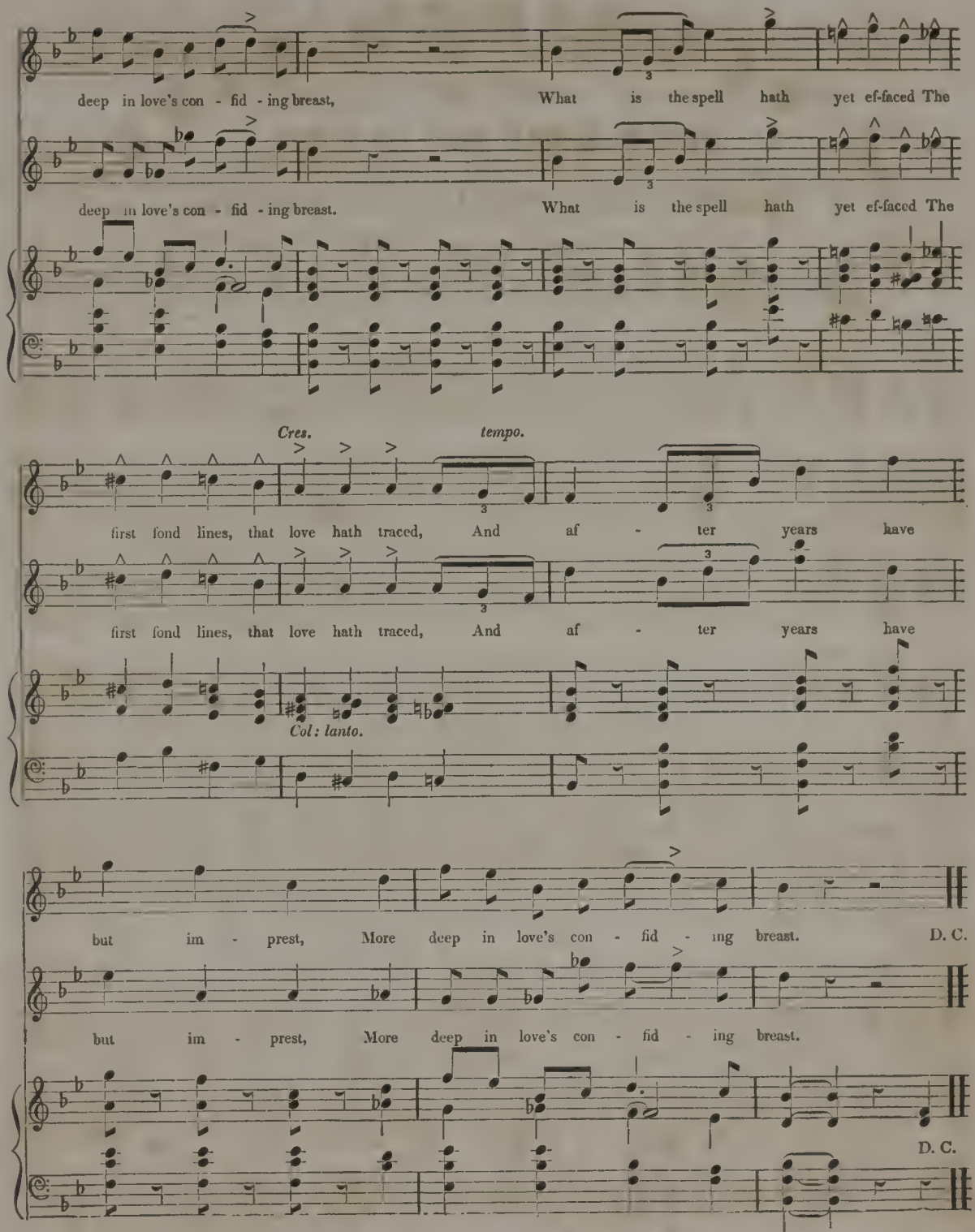
He saved my life, watch'd o'er my years,
With all the fondness faith endears,
And my affection won:—
Rend not such ties apart.

THE FIRST FOND LINES THAT LOVE HAS TRACED.

SONG, OR DUETT, FROM THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

BY BALFE.


Moderato.
pp Staccato.
Rall.
FIRST TIME, ARLINE ALONE; SECOND TIME, TOGETHER.
Arline.
Thaddeus.
Piano.
What is the spell hath yet ef - faced The first fond lines, that
What is the spell hath yet ef - faced The first fond lines, that
love hath traced, And af - ter years have but im - prest, More
love hath traced, And af - ter years have but im - prest, More

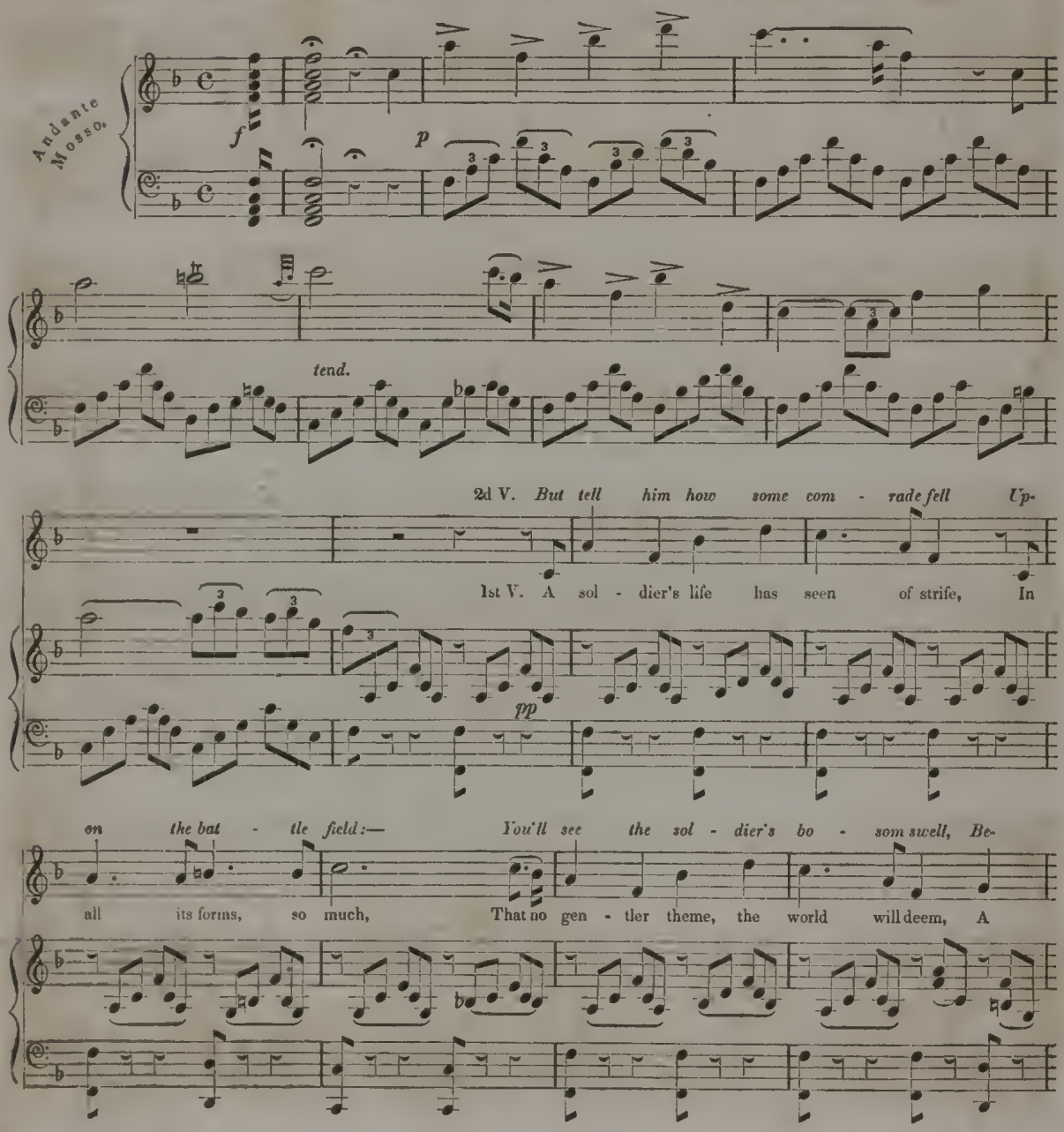

deep in love's con - fid - ing breast,
What is the spell hath yet ef-faced The
deep in love's con - fid - ing breast.
What is the spell hath yet ef-faced The
Cres.
tempo.
first fond lines, that love hath traced, And af - ter years have
first fond lines, that love hath traced, And af - ter years have
Col: lanto.
but im - prest, More deep in love's con - fid - ing breast.
D. C.
but im - prest, More deep in love's con - fid - ing breast.
D. C.

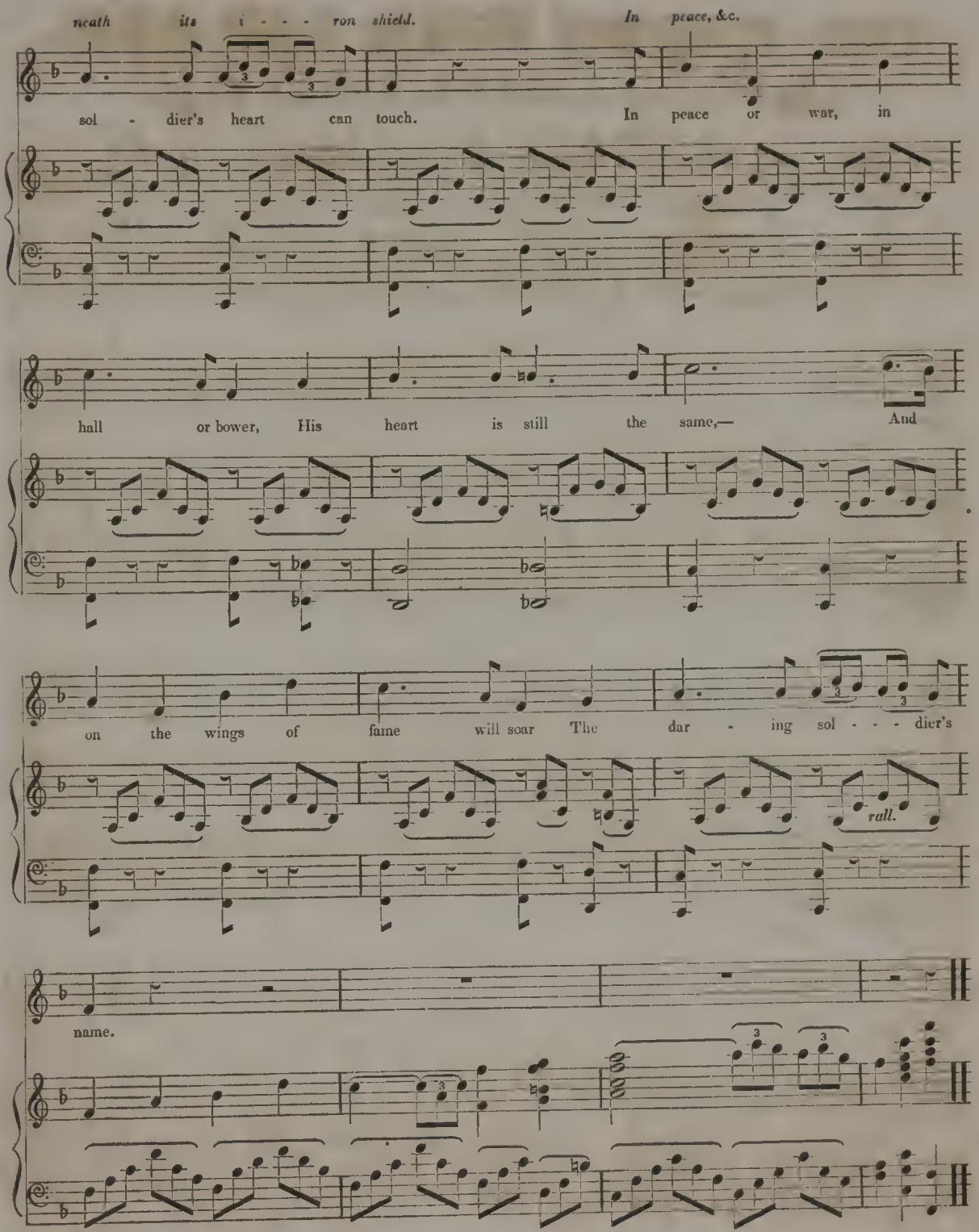
A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

FROM THE

BOHEMIAN GIRL.

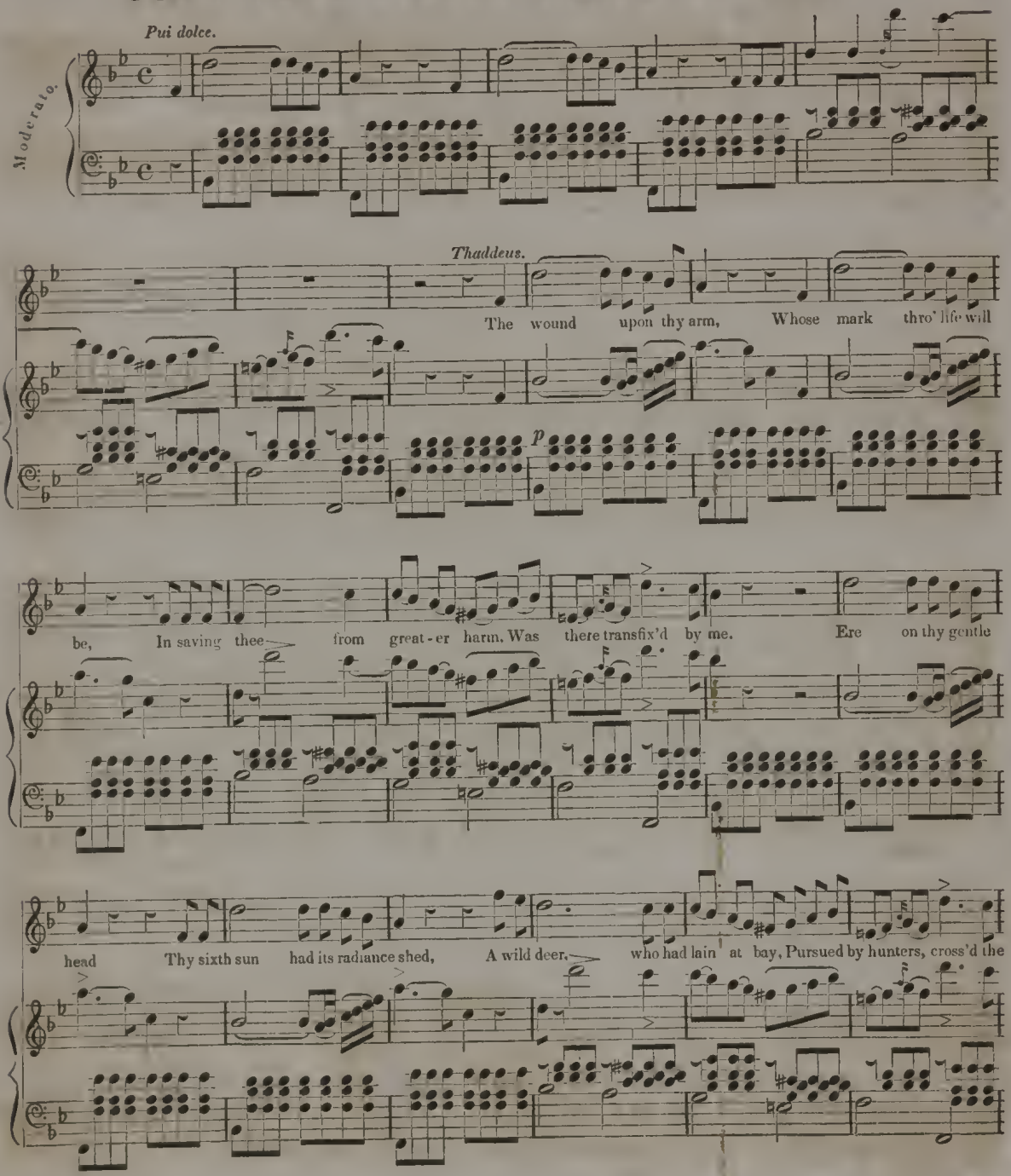
MUSIC COMPOSED BY BALFE.

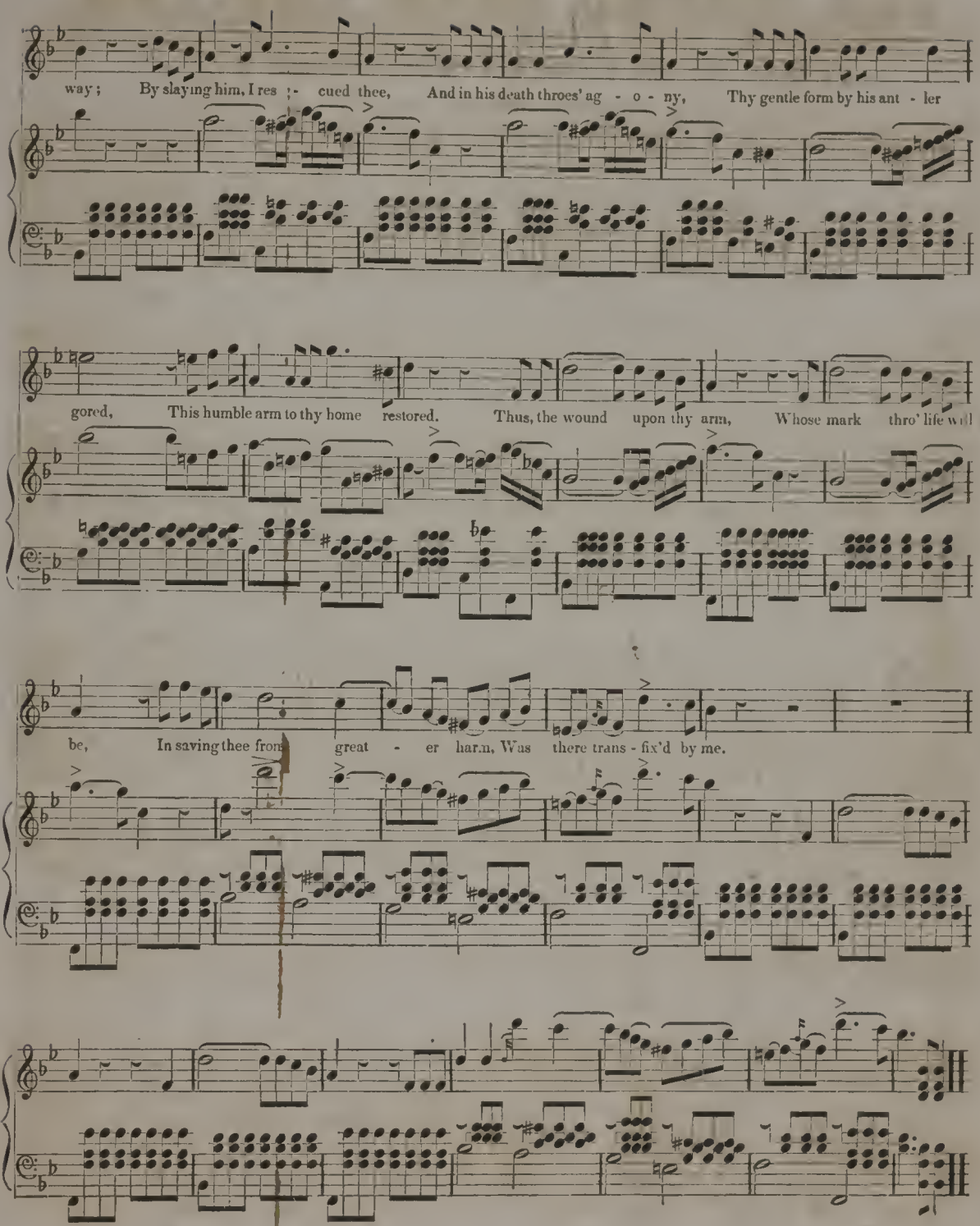

Andante Mosso.
f
p
tend.
2d V. But tell him how some com - rade fell Up-
1st V. A sol - dier's life has seen of strife, In
pp
on the bat - tle field:— You'll see the sol - dier's bo - som swell, Be-
all its forms, so much, That no gen - tler theme, the world will deem, A


neath its i - - - ron shield.
In peace, &c.
sol - dier's heart can touch.
In peace or war, in
hall or bower, His heart is still the same,—
And
on the wings of fame will soar The dar - ing sol - - - dier's
rall.
name.

THE WOUND UPON THY ARM.

SONG: FROM BALFE'S BOHEMIAN GIRL.


Pui dolce.
Moderato.
Thaddeus.
The wound upon thy arm, Whose mark thro' life will
p
be, In saving thee from great-er harm. Was there transfix'd by me. Ere on thy gentle
head Thy sixth sun had its radiance shed, A wild deer, who had lain at bay, Pursued by hunters, cross'd the

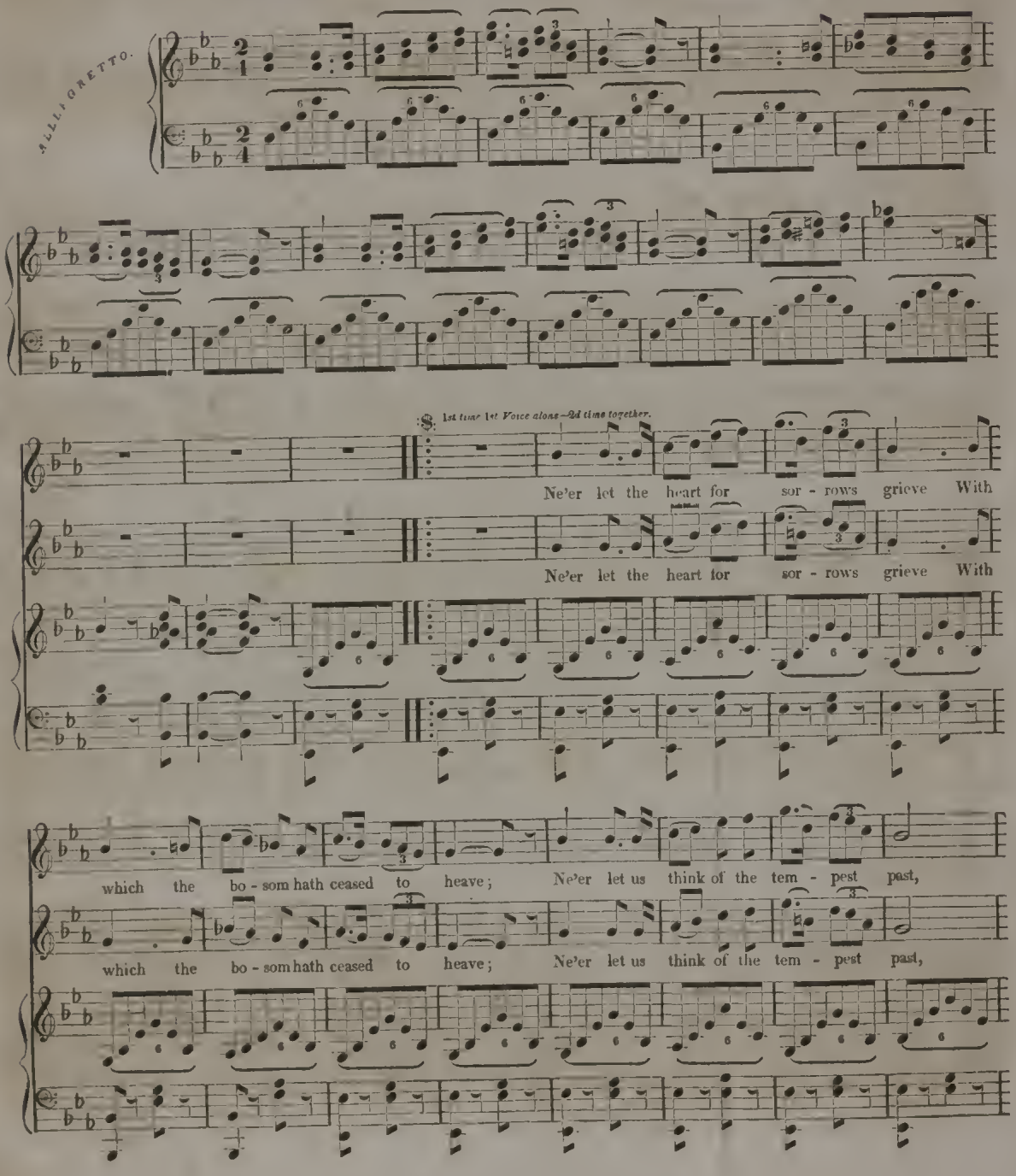

way; By slaying him, I res - cued thee, And in his death throes' ag - o - ny, Thy gentle form by his ant - ler
gored, This humble arm to thy home restored. Thus, the wound upon thy arm, Whose mark thro' life will
be, In saving thee from great - er harm, Was there trans - fix'd by me.

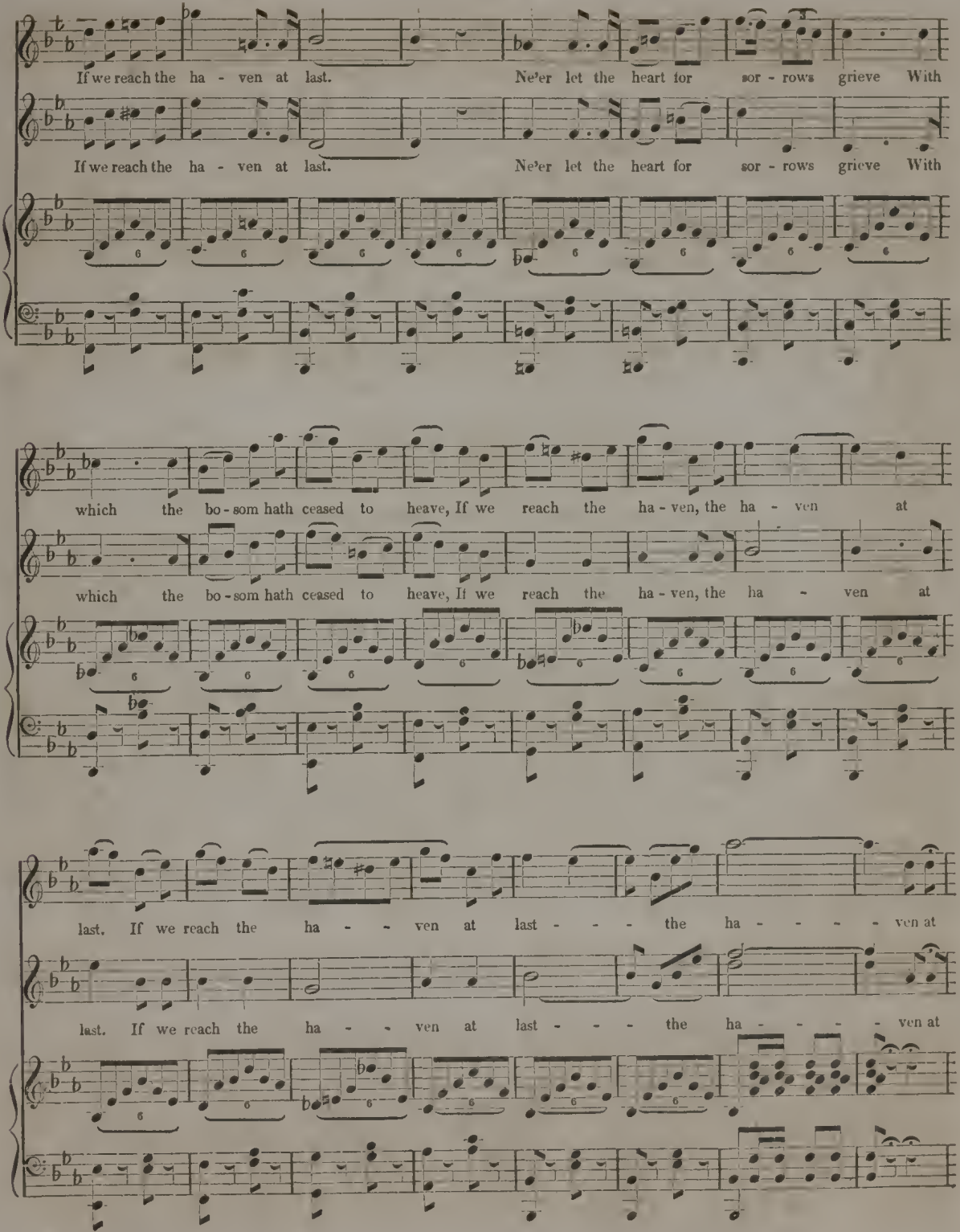
NE'ER LET THE HEART FOR SORROWS GRIEVE.

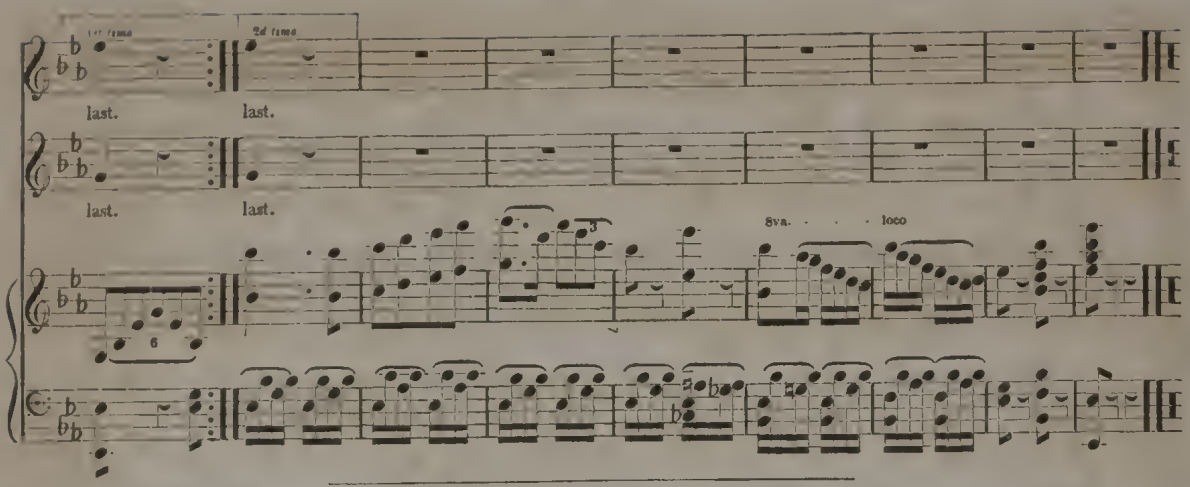
AN ADMIRED DUET,

AS SUNG BY MRS. SEGUIN AND MR. FRAZER,

IN THE OPERA OF "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."


ALLEGRETTO.
S.
1st time 1st Voice alone—2d time together.
Ne'er let the heart for sor - rows grieve With
Ne'er let the heart for sor - rows grieve With
which the bo - som hath ceased to heave; Ne'er let us think of the tem - pest past,
which the bo - som hath ceased to heave; Ne'er let us think of the tem - pest past,

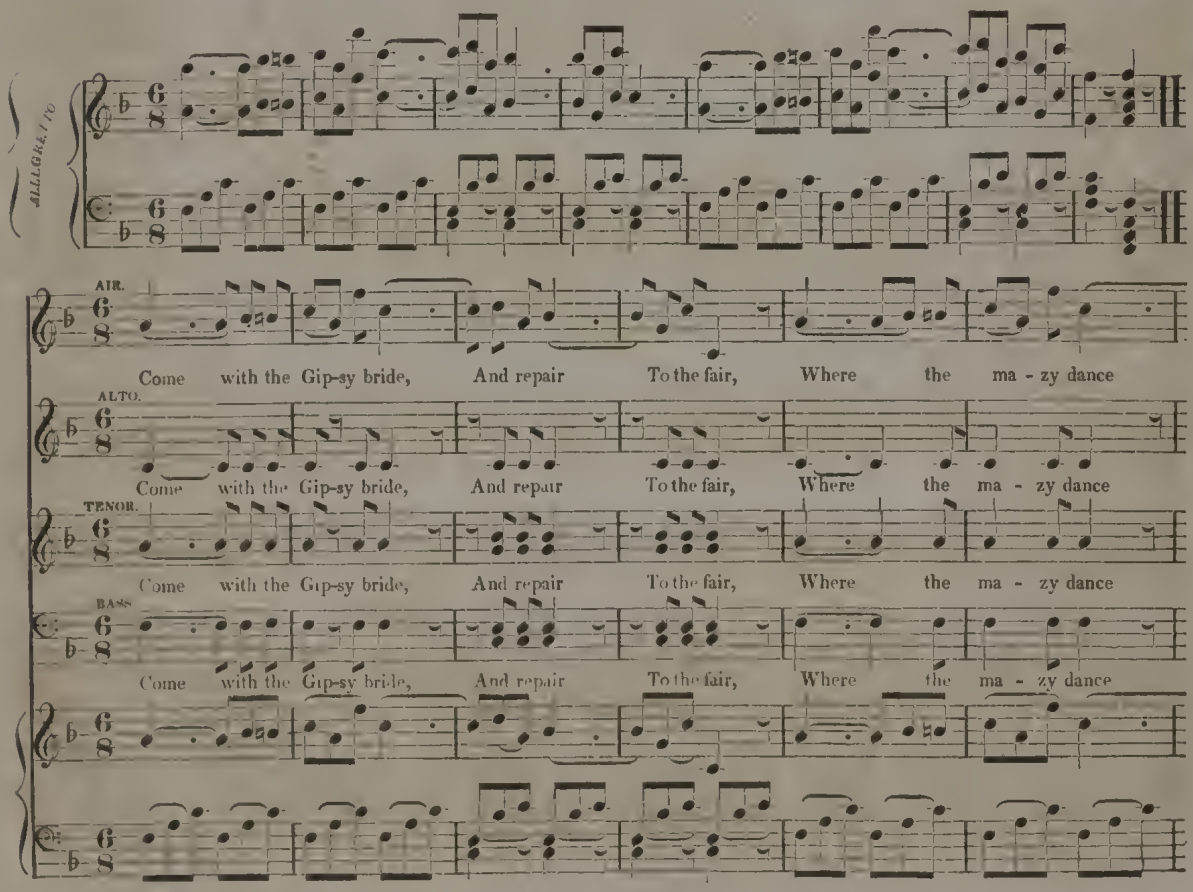

If we reach the ha - ven at last. Ne'er let the heart for sor - rows grieve With
If we reach the ha - ven at last. Ne'er let the heart for sor - rows grieve With
which the bo - som hath ceased to heave, If we reach the ha - ven, the ha - ven at
which the bo - som hath ceased to heave, If we reach the ha - ven, the ha - ven at
last. If we reach the ha - - ven at last - - - the ha - - - - ven at
last. If we reach the ha - - ven at last - - - the ha - - - - ven at



THE CELEBRATED

CHORUS OF GIPSIES,

IN THE OPERA OF "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."


ALLEGRETTO
AIR.
Come with the Gip-sy bride, And repair To the fair, Where the ma - zy dance
ALTO.
Come with the Gip-sy bride, And repair To the fair, Where the ma - zy dance
TENOR.
Come with the Gip-sy bride, And repair To the fair, Where the ma - zy dance
BASS.
Come with the Gip-sy bride, And repair To the fair, Where the ma - zy dance

will the hours en - trance. In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to
will the hours en - trance. In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to
will the hours en - trance. In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to
will the hours en - trance. In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to
ff
ff

2.

lead, In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead.
lead, In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead.
read, In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead.
lead, In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead.
rall.
D. C.